Pam-Medanies.

With the Lepers in Suriname

Bethesda

Home for the Lepers

November, 1904

With the Lepers in Suriname

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

Galatians VI-2

SECOND EDITION

LOUISE LEWIS KAHLE
ANNA ELIZABETH SCOTT
EDITORS

BETHESDA

HOME FOR THE LEPERS

As our second number of "Bethesda" goes to print, we are thankful to be able to report an increased interest for the cause; also substantial aid in the way of money, clothing, etc., which has been contributed from all parts of the United States of America.

Our report shows that we have been able to add about $1000 to the Bethesda Fund, and now that we are an organized National Society, we hope to do much more, in a systematic way.

November 16, 1904, we sent a Christmas box to Bethesda, containing clothes for all, made from measurements kindly sent us by Mrs. Weiss, tools, games, books, pictures, towels, etc.; also quantities of old linen bandages.

We inserted an advertisement in our daily papers, requesting "all who had old linen pieces to send them to the Society for Bethesda, as they need over one hundred yards per day, and now have to wash the bandages for future use, thereby increasing the danger of infection." Anyone reading this appeal will render great assistance by sending to the Bethesda Home Society, any linen he may have, not in use. It seems as if the

United States could supply bandages enough to relieve those faithful nurses from the added danger of cleansing old bandages to be used again, and that alone would be a great blessing.

Will you not become a member of our Bethesda Home Society, thus showing your sympathy and interest for the cause—the relieving of the greatest suffering known to man?

One dollar per year, membership fee, means little to us, but much to these poor sufferers at Bethesda.

ANNA ELIZABETH SCOTT.

Secretary and Treasurer of the Bethesda Home Society of the United States of America.

Since the issue of our last pamphlet we have received an urgent request from Reverend H. T. Weiss to organize a society. He writes as follows: "We find ourselves at the present moment in a very difficult position. Reverend Goedel, our General Treasurer in Philadelphia, writes me that he will return to Germany and for that reason he will be obliged to resign his duties as Treasurer. In his letter he proposes that I turn for help, to Mrs. Kahle and Miss Scott in Buffalo, and points out that the center of influence in the work lies in Buffalo.

What shall I do? On the one hand I mourn for my good, faithful Brother Goedel, who lived so entirely for the cause; on the other hand I feel that my dear, good friends in Buffalo have done so much already that I fear to burden them with

Reverend and Mrs. Henry T. Weiss

BETHESDA, WITH BETHANY HOME IN THE CENTER

a new work. Nevertheless, I confidently lay the whole matter in the hands of the Buffalo ladies, and think the time has come now to organize a society."

Acting upon this request of Reverend Weiss an invitation was extended to all persons interested in the cause, to meet on the afternoon of May 31, 1904, at the home of Mrs. A. R. Preston, 1089 Delaware avenue, when a society was formed to be known as the "Bethesda Home Society of the United States of America." Constitution and by-laws were adopted, and the following officers elected:

President—Mrs. Francis U. Kahle.

First Vice-President—Mrs. John F. Lewis.

Secretary and Treasurer—Miss Anna Elizabeth Scott.

Corresponding Secretary—Miss Margaret E. Chester.

Auditor—Miss Harriet Edgerton.

Board of Directors—Mrs. Jerome I. Prentiss, Mrs. Loran L. Lewis, Mrs. William Young Chapman, Mrs. Frank Hayes, Mrs. A. H. Whitford, Mrs. John Hofer, Mrs. I. N. Stewart, Miss Susan Chase.

All other societies which may be formed later will be auxiliary.

The following is an extract from Rev. H. T. Weiss's letter since the formation of the society:

"We are extremely happy to know that the society at Buffalo has been formed, and we are able now to bring all our pleasures and our sorrows before the society."

In writing of the Portable House, recently sent to Bethesda, Rev. Weiss says: "The house has given to the lepers themselves and also to the nurses, to Mrs. Weiss and myself, a great pleasure.

It is a nice remembrance from all our Buffalo friends. The house is worth to us more than its cost ($1000), because in building up this house the interest for the leper cause has been awakened and I surely believe that without this donation we would not have secured a National Society in the United States."

On account of climate, wood ants, etc., it has been deemed advisable to call the attention of auxiliary organizations, or other interested parties, to a new plan for sending houses to Bethesda, which, upon inquiry, the society will be glad to give information.

Louise Lewis Kahle,

President of the Bethesda Home Society of the United States of America.

Indifference of the Majority of the Inhabitants to the Danger of Infection from the Terrible Ravages of Leprosy.

The word "leper" in our country, where only an occasional case is seen, is one hardly to be taken upon the tongue without offence. Were the very thing itself to be set before our people's eyes, which Heaven forever forbid, very certain their horror would be stamped into the core of consciousness. Yet the most pernicious element in the situation here, is the indifference of the population.

Leprosy, with all its unspeakable humiliation of body and soul, threatens each and every one, an hourly visible spectre. Yet, by some incredible perversity, they hold it in little fear, and where a consumptive would be deserted in panic by his nearest friends, a leprous woman will be given a healthy baby to nurse; a leprous child will be put habitually to play with sound mates; a leprous man will be conducting a business and receiving visits under his own roof day by day, while by night he takes the air in a public carriage that on the morrow will convey a bride to her wedding, or a young girl to her first ball. Such is the condition in Paramaribo, Suriname, a place of about 31,000 inhabitants, and of these 31,000 inhabitants, by conservative estimate, above 10 per cent. are lepers.

Bethesda is separated from this city by a ribbon of creek and a thread of bush; but here you find contrast which is extreme. In the little realm

of Bethesda, the whole question changes from one of necessity to one of privilege. Here Rev. and Mrs. Weiss, and three nursing sisters, hourly dare the most hideous fate known to man, in order that they may lavish upon the company that is their special charge, such a wealth of childlike love, sacrifice and limitless personal devotion as drives one back to the legends of the saints, for a parallel. As they perform their offensive task of making the morning toilet of the sick, bathing and dressing their wounds, you hear the sound of pleasant talk and laughter, intermingled with snatches of hymns in which the voices of nurse and patient join frankly. The sisters would be ignoring half of their chosen task, did they not crush the revolt of their senses and bend their very souls to lighten the burden of their sick. A bell at their bedsides connects with the bedside of each of the sick, and is likely to summon them at any moment of the night.

One of the admirable features of life at Bethesda, is the manner in which the sick are brought to use whatever powers may remain to them for the help or pleasure of their neighbors. One well-educated mulatto, constituting himself schoolmaster, teaches the children. Another, who in former days was a skillful cabinetmaker, and who still retains the use of his hands, busies himself with the manufacture of footstools, tables and other pieces of furniture. He is the cheeriest of creatures, always ready with a brave word and a smile, and he has his own coffin and headstone neatly made from hard jungle wood. A little

girl, again, has assumed the duties of reader to a sightless man.

As you come to know Bethesda by personal experience, you grow less able to decide at which to marvel more; whether at their absolute innocence of any idea of having made themselves in any wise noteworthy among men, or at the success with which their labors have been crowned. But the idyllic sunshine of Bethesda has not been won without cost. Think of the heroism of the young sister, with her pink cheeks, her sweet blue eyes, who laid down her gentle young life in the cause, and who said "if she contracted the malady she could, in greater helpfulness, tread in the very path beside her flock."

Rev. and Mrs. Weiss came to the United States to ask for help—they want so much—and so piteously little. They harbor, in their most imaginative moments, visions of a little hospital, well equipped, in which patients in extreme cases could receive handier care; of an increase in the number of cottages, so that more sick might be taken in; even of a fund, at interest, against a time of need. The Government allows Bethesda a slight annual consideration for certain of the patients, and the two Protestant Churches of Paramaribo contribute something to its aid; but the united income is too small to afford any chance of advance in the work. Seventy thousand dollars, I suppose, would transcend their dreams and fulfill their every hope, and if it be asked *why* some thrifty person does not claim the privilege of putting the whole sum, without

parley or limitation, into their unimpeachable hands, I can only say that the answer helps neither Bethesda, nor the lepers."

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE TO THE "EVENING POST," NEW YORK.

A Letter from Mrs. H. T. Weiss

DEAR FRIENDS:

Nearly a year has passed since you heard of us and our work through the little pamphlet of which our dear friends Mrs. Kahle and Miss Scott were the editors. Again these dear friends will publish a second pamphlet to let you all know how the work in Bethesda is going on, for it is quite impossible for us to write to everyone, our time being so fully taken up with our daily work. It will interest you to hear that a Bethesda Home Society was formed by ladies of Buffalo. Mrs. Kahle, the President, and Miss Scott, the Treasurer and Secretary of "Bethesda Home Society," will surely tell you more about this happy event.

It gives me great pleasure to tell you of Bethesda during the past year. We have much reason, indeed, to thank the Lord who has helped us all so wonderfully. In my last letter I wrote about Christian, our boy, 14 years old. At that time he was very sick and we expected to lose him, but he has become a happy little fellow again. His feet are not swollen any more and he enjoys walking around with Manni, a boy of 16 years, a new patient, who shares his room until

the new house is ready, when he can have his own room. They both enjoy fishing and a special pleasure for them is, when Mr. Weiss angles with them. From the Commewyne Aid Society the lepers received a present of 100 florins, with the request that the lepers themselves should advise with Rev. Weiss as to how to use the gift. They all decided for a cement path to the church, as in the rainy season the bambus way is very slippery and dangerous for these poor people, with their wounded feet, specially in the dark evenings, when they go to church. Manni and Christian have cut all the stones for this cement path, and Mr. Weiss had his pleasure in seeing how quickly they worked. One day they worked in emulation and Christian was quite sorry when Manni surpassed him in the work. Mr. Louis Kampf is still the same. The other day he stood at his window when I passed, and I asked him how he was going on, and he answered: "It is going on so, Madame, till the Lord comes and calls me. What a comfort to know the Lord, otherwise soul and body would be lost, but now the soul is saved though the body has passed away already." The music box which he received from Miss Chester of Buffalo gave him a special pleasure. He cannot turn it himself, but he asked the nurse to tie a ribbon on the box with a sling at the other end, which can be slipped over his hand, so that he is able to turn the handle of the music box with his arm, as he cannot use his fingers in any way. His poor feet are so thin and feeble, also, that the nurse is always afraid the

foot will come off with the stocking, when she undresses him. Alexander Monsanto is still the same calm sufferer that he was 30 years ago. All the other inhabitants at Bethesda love him, and he is a blessing to them all. He was very sick some weeks ago, and one day when I entered his room, he was lying on his bed with fevers. I told him of the different letters received from the United States of America. With pleasure he listened and with pains he sat up in his bed and said: "Mrs. Weiss, I spoke last evening about our friends in the United States of America and I said to Celina, that every day I pray and ask the Lord to open the heart of some millionaires to give a good sum for Bethesda, that Rev. and Mrs. Weiss and our dear nurses have not to work so hard."

Franz is very poorly these days. He is very small and looks like a boy of 15 years, but he has 21 years now. Some weeks ago he was lying on the ground and crying loud, his knee was paining him so much. He is a true Lazarus with all his wounds. Nearly all his fingers have wounds, and have to be bandaged, his ears, his face—all is open,—poor boy! Some days ago he said to Sister Philippina: "Sister, it may be that the Lord calls me home quickly, and I know I have troubled you much sometimes. I feel it was not right and I would ask you to pardon me."

Bill Reeberg, the schoolmaster of Bethesda, went to his heavenly home the middle of May. We miss him very much. Consumption and leprosy made an end of his young life. Some days

Bethany Home (Portable House) with Visitors and Members of the Colony

New Bethesda Chapel. Rev. and Mrs. Weiss and Nurses in the Foreground

before he died, and before our little chapel was consecrated, he asked to be brought to the chapel. "I long so to have seen the chapel," he exclaimed, and the nurses took a sedan chair and brought him into the chapel. Before every picture, the chair was put down, as he longed to see all; he did not speak much; he was very feeble and his young heart was feeling deeper than we imagined. Was it not his first and last visit to the chapel? and how he had longed always for this place. Now it was ready and he had to leave. Some days later in the morning at half past six o'clock, he was called home, so peacefully; his last words were "Lord Jesus Christ." Besides him another Bethesda patient had left us, our dear Brother Smith, who died in February. Some days before he died, he thanked us all for all the love experienced during his stay at Bethesda, and he told us that he was ready to go to the Lord. In his last hour he prayed aloud and with a father's heart he remembered specially his own child, a boy of 15 years, asking the Lord to keep him in the right way. Very quietly he passed away, looking at the sisters with large, wide-opened eyes; the nurses told us they never would forget this last glance. Sijben is now living in Bill Reeberg's room. He suffers very much from the disease, also in a spiritual way, he can be very downhearted and impatient. The other day, when the sister was dressing his foot, he said, looking at the foot: "Madame, this foot is my master; as it wills, I have to obey." It is remarkable that only his right side is afflicted with leprosy. His

right eye is nearly gone; his right hand is sick; his right foot has deep wounds in the sole, whilst the left side is healthy. Next to him a new patient is living, Emanuel Magdolf, 74 years old. He had nothing when he arrived, except his dirty clothes, and we were happy to have new clothing for him, kindly sent by our friends in the United States of America, Holland and Germany. He always looks happy, and if you speak with him, he only calls you "Mi goedoe;" that is "My good."

Our good Charles is very poorly. It was he, the carpenter, who made all the chairs and tables for Bethesda, but now his hands have become twice as large and swollen, so that he can use them no more. The other day he said, "O, Mrs. Weiss, my hands become so big, I do not know where to go with them." He is suffering much with his neck, inside it is quite open, so that eating hurts him. Some days ago his foot had to be cut again, poor fellow! He is so sorry that he cannot work more. A time ago he said: "Madame, now I am not thinking more about it; it will never come better more." I reminded him that a time would come when he would receive a new body, and how happy he would be then—healthy forever in the most complete way. William Allen was taken to Bethesda from the Government Asylum, the 30th of April, this year. He is an Englishman, born at Barbados. Last Christmas he was lying sick in the Government Place, and when Rev. Weiss asked him, "Now, Brother Allen, you cannot go with us to church

this Christmas," he answered: "It is not necessary, sir; the Lord will come and visit me here." He does not know his birthday, but I think he has passed seventy years. Now it is 32 years since he left Barbados. He is so full of thanks that the Lord brought him to Bethesda, where he can have his own little room, and is cared for and dressed in such a loving, christian way by our dear deaconesses. Cornelius de Randamie is yet to be mentioned among the men. He had 70 years in May. If you see him you do not shrink, as his face is not yet touched by the disease, but in the soles of his feet he has small-looking wounds, and when the nurse is cleaning them she has to go about four to six inches deep with her pincers. He is very fond of flowers and these days you can see him sitting upon his foot-stool, weeding the grass among his flowers and cutting his roses, of which he is a special friend.

Now we are going over to the other side, and we pass the nurses' little "Watch House," consisting of one room, surrounded by a veranda on three sides, furnished with a table, whereupon a very old sewing machine is standing, some chairs, another table with disinfectants and a bed. Alternately, the nurses sleep here in the night, changing every week. When in the daytime they have a little time to sit down, you find them in this little room, very busy, mending the wash of their 17 patients. Dear friends, the work of our three nurses becomes almost too much. It surpasses their strength in this hot climate. Would you not enjoy assisting them in sewing some

clothing for our lepers? The Bethesda Home Society has all their measures and will be happy to let you know about their needs. Our deaconesses would be saved a great danger if they could be spared from washing the bandages of the lepers, which they have to do with their own hands, every day. If we had enough bandages, then they could be burned after being used. For one day the nurses need 100 meters, that is about 110 yards of bandages, and that would be during the year, 36,500 meters for 17 lepers. Every day they need prepared cotton wad for three gulders. The bandages could be made out of quite old linen or cotton, and it would give me pleasure to send patterns of the different bandages to everyone who would be willing to help and assist our nurses in this way. Through Mrs. Klinck and other friends from Buffalo, we received quite a lot of old linen and cotton; it came just at the time when the stock was consumed. Many, many thanks to our dear friends for it, and also to those who helped us with clothing and other gifts.

Now we pass a nice new building of three rooms, but it is not yet painted. It is built from American money and soon will be used, as now we have three rooms, where in everyone two lepers are lying together. Little 14-year-old Sophietje Watchman and 13-year-old Albertina Topin had to share one room together. Sophie is a very intelligent little girl, whose father was a Chinaman. She has no wounds yet, but her hands are very stiff already, so that she cannot handle things, but she can write. I found her the

other day in Monsanto's room writing a letter to his family, as he cannot do it himself. She is giving the meals to Mr. Kampf and assists the nurses as well as her poor hands will allow. She is very proud of the nice white hat with the rose ribbon, which Miss Scott and Miss Chester so kindly sent.

Albertina Topin has not learned much in her poor life. It is touching to hear the child telling about her past life. "So long as my mother lived I had a good life, but afterwards I suffered much and I was not treated nicely." She sewed a nice text for the new chapel. "Christ died for me." But, dear friends, you ought to see her working with her poor hands. She has still strength enough, if it is with much trouble, to put the needle in her work, but to get it out again, she uses her mouth. Her poor fingers are so feeble and stiff. In the next room Annetta Montel and Christina Wacker are living. Soon all will have their own rooms again and that is so much better for them. Annetta Montel is 16 years old, but very small. She suffers very much, poor child! Her feet and legs have open wounds. Christina Wacker will receive a room in "Bethany Home," with Louisa Rens, therefore, I will tell their story later on.

A new patient we received in Antoinette Zuidveen, 47 years old. Her sister took her in her house where she lived upstairs under the roof; as she told me, they had it very poorly. One day she fell down the staircase, or better, the ladder,

which connected the two floors, and her sick foot burst asunder. There was no doctor to be found to amputate her foot, she was a leper. At last there was one found, but no money to pay him. You can imagine, dear friends, how the poor woman suffered. "Sometimes I had two cents only to live on, with the children." But a new trial came to them. Her sister became sick and had to go to the hospital to be operated on. In these circumstances, Sister Philippina found her and brought her to Bethesda. Her sister's children were cursing Sister Philippina when she took their aunt away. But she was full of praise and thanks when she saw her little room and felt the tender care of the nurses. And her little niece and nephew have visited her already. The little boy asked her, "Who gave you this table, and this bed, and this chair?" and he put off his jacket and said: "I do not go away now; I also stay here." She was so pale and thin looking when she came, the bones were standing out of her face, and the doctor said that she must first get some strength back before he could amputate the foot. But the good care and daily cleaning did its work, and now she can use her foot again, with a crutch. Cleanliness is the chief thing for this disease, and if you cannot cure them, you can lighten their heavy cross; that we have observed in many cases.

Celina de Mesquitta, who, after the death of William Reeberg, became teacher to the leper children, was not able to continue. Her eyes troubled her very much. It is not good for these

children if they are not occupied. A special recreation hour for me is Wednesday afternoon from 4 to 5 o'clock, during which time I gather with the five girls and two boys for a Bible Class, and, indeed, I must say I have good listeners, and I thank the Lord that he allows me to study with these poor children, the dear, old stories; to tell them of our dear Saviour and of His love for them.

In May we had the great pleasure to dedicate the chapel. It was built with money which our deaconesses collected during the last three years and of the money we personally received for Bethesda from the United States of America and other lands since we came back last year. From the money we collected during our stay in the United States of America, we built a nice new bathhouse, consisting of five bathrooms and a dispensary, a nice house of three rooms for new patients, an oven where the bandages and other things of the patients can be burned, a house with three rooms for the workmen, and a nice cement path from the mission house to Bethesda, about 120 yards long, as it was almost impossible for the nurses to come to Bethesda in the rainy season, without getting wet and dirty. This path is a true blessing. Once again we thank all our friends for their gifts, which we received during our stay in the United States of America, and which enabled us to extend and to improve our little Bethesda in such a way. Dear friends, do not become tired in helping and assisting us in this work, there is so much still to do.

Our hearts were made glad on the receipt of a letter from dear Miss Quadlander, telling us about the dedication of the portable house in Buffalo, the 15th of May. We thank heartily all the kind friends who so generously contributed to this noble undertaking. This Buffalo house, called "Bethany Home," arrived here the 28th of July in the afternoon, about half-past six o'clock, a day before Sister Philippina's birthday. When the silent night surrounds Bethesda and the southern starry sky extends over village and river, you find a number of patients sitting together on their verandas and talking over the big event of the day. An old man shakes his head and says: "How is it possible that people who do not know us at all, who have never seen us nor Bethesda, have such a love for us?"

The erection of the Bethany Home was connected with diverse difficulties. The construction was quite unknown to the carpenters. The house had to be set on cement feet, but three times it had to be removed, until they came on the right place. It took five weeks to get ready with the house, including painting work. In this country, people do not know what work means. At last the house was ready. It stands on elevated ground and as you enter Bethesda, it lies on your right and impresses you with its different construction. It is painted in white and green and looks very nice in its pretty colored dress.

May the Lord's blessing rest upon this place and upon those who are living and suffering in it.

GERTRUDE E. WEISS.

LOUISA RENS.

I was born the 8th of January, 1888. When I was one year of age my parents noticed the first spot on my body, and took me to be treated for the disease. When I was seven years old, my mother died and my aunt cared for me and one of my sisters, whilst the other sister remained with papa. Some time afterwards my father took me back. I felt very sorry for I could never leave the house again on account of the disease. I had to sleep alone and all my things were kept apart. Many times, when my sister went outside with the other girls for a walk, or any other pleasure, I had to stay at home alone. My father always felt sorry for me, when he saw me crying, and when he heard that the Protestants would open a place for sick people, directly he told me he would take me there when the place was ready. First, when I heard this I cried and told my papa that I would not be able to leave him, but on the 9th of April, 1900, the Director of Bethesda came to take me. My father accompanied us to the row-boat which brought us to Bethesda. The first day I cried much and would have liked to go back to my father, but some days afterwards, when I had made acquaintance with the seven other patients and the dear nurses, I felt at home and was happy that I had come. What a pleasure it was for me, that I was able now to go outside my room. To go to church, and to run about freely. Only one thing I still missed and that was another little

girl to play with me. Sometimes I cried for it and asked the Lord to send me a little friend. A year passed and the Lord heard my prayers and a young girl called Jenny came, but she did not stay long with me, Jesus called her to Him. You can imagine how sorry I felt, for Jenny and I were loving each other so dearly. Over a year again I was alone, but now, we are four young girls, and with Miss Christina, five. What a pleasure we had when we heard that the friends of Buffalo would send a house for Bethesda from North America. Still greater our pleasure became, some days ago, when it was built up and painted in its white and green dress. The 11th of September, Mr. Weiss came to me and told me that I would go to live in one of the rooms in the beautiful "Bethany Home." My pleasure was so great that the first day I was not able to show it, nor to say a word. Christina will get the other room. Next week the Board comes to view the house and to dedicate the other ones. Then when the color has dried, we shall remove. The rooms are already furnished and ready to live in. I am sitting now with Mrs. Weiss in my room in Bethany Home, writing these lines to you, dear friends. The room has a delicate pink color inside and is furnished so prettily. The little dolly with the red jacket and the red cap is lying in the cradle. On Sundays, the other little girls will come to play with the cradle and the doll. My dear friends, believe me, I shall appreciate the beautiful house and all the nice things with which the dear deaconesses from Buffalo have furnished

it. I am not able to give you thanks enough, my dearest friends, but believe me I go on to ask God to bless everyone who took a share in this great work.

I am your loving sick child,

LOUISA.

Letter from Christina

CHRISTINA.

I was born the 17th of September, 1878, at the estate called Liberty, the property of my father. When I was three years old my father sold the estate for a good money and went to live in town with my mother, myself and three other children. Later my father died and soon afterwards my mother worked in a house outside the town. During this time I was much with two ladies who had leprosy. They took me in their arms and played with me. My mother never had heard of this disease and so she saw no danger and allowed me to visit these ladies. Later when I took this dreadful disease, my poor mother felt great repentence. Other people warned my mother and she bought a little home outside the town. At seven years of age, my mother sent me to school, but being sickly I could not attend regularly. When I was eleven years old, my mother was married again to a German. It was soon afterwards that I observed a spot on my leg and just on that place I had lost every sensation. My stepfather took me to a German physician in town, who gave us a kind of salve and I went again to

school. I was happy to get such a good father, who loved me so dearly and who assisted my mother in every way. I was twelve when my two brothers became very sick and my dear father died suddenly. Now I had to leave the school and assist my mother in all her heavy work. At fifteen years of age, I longed to be confirmed in the Lutheran church, but I was taken with heavy fevers and a wound appeared in my foot. The doctor came and had the disagreeable duty to tell my mother I had leprosy.

One afternoon, I firmly resolved to leave home and enter the Protestant leper home, "Bethesda." I think God Himself gave me this thought. I sent a note to our pastor, who is the Secretary of the Protestant Leper Board and he and Mr. and Mrs. Weiss, who were just in town, visited me the same day. Three days afterward, my dear sister Martha came with a carriage to our house and brought me to the rowboat which waited for us at the riverside. It was nearly midnight when we left the town. At 5 o'clock we arrived at Bethesda. O, I found this place so beautiful! I have a nice room and on all sides I am surrounded with the love of my dear Mr. and Mrs. Weiss and the good sisters. What a change that was for me! At home my own brothers were so afraid of me they would not even allow my mother to care for me, for they did not like her to touch me. And when I saw how the dear nurses took care of me, you can understand, dear friends, what a change it must have been for me. And from day to day we notice how the love for

us poor people is increasing in North America, and in other countries. When I arrived at Bethesda this year, I heard that our friends would send us a home from the United States of America. The 28th of July the house arrived. The 11th of September, Mr. Weiss came to tell Louisa and me that we should go to live in "Bethany Home." My dear ones, when I look at the house and all the nice things inside, then it is that the tears come into my eyes, for I must tell you that the 17th of September, I was 26 years of age and never have I lived in such a nice house; never have I sat in such a chair and laid in such a good bed. How nice are the clothespress and the table with its dishes and the beautiful white linen tablecloth! What surprises me most is the silver set, the spoons, forks and knives. Such a comfortable armchair—my old mother, 65 years old, has never seen and I would like that she could use it in my place. Now, my dear friends, I cannot thank you enough for such a gift, but our dear Lord will reward you. What a pleasure my mother will have when she comes to visit me, to find me in such a nice house, furnished with so much love. Now I will finish, and I always will be grateful to the dear friends who worked so hard to give us such a present. I ask you to remember me in your prayers, and also my mother and my brothers. I hope that some time we all will meet in the kingdom of our dear Lord Jesus Christ.

I remain, yours gratefully,

CHRISTINA.

Letter from Mrs. Pigott, Wife of the British Consul at Suriname, Dutch Guina

Dear Friends:

I think, perhaps, that those of you who gave my little booklet, "With the Lepers in Suriname," such a kindly reception two years ago, may be interested to hear of a visit we have just paid to Bethesda, and how things are going on there.

The little settlement looked very gay and smiling as we approached it, the first thing to greet us being the British flag (Red Ensign), hoisted just in front of the harbor at the entrance of Bethesda.

Upon the mission house itself the Dutch flag waved, as three of the Dutch officials were with us.

The outer aspect of Bethesda is much improved, the shrubs and flowers have grown up around the houses, and the new chapel adds greatly to the appearance of the place.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Weiss met us with their usual hearty welcome. They and the three sisters are just as bright and cheery as ever in their self-denying work for the poor sufferers.

We found changes among the inmates. Four of the patients have died since last we were there, and there are several new ones. There are eighteen in all now at Bethesda.

Kampf, who is now entirely blind and quite unable to use his hands, at once recognized our voices, and gave us a bright welcome. He is, as you will doubtless remember, the first patient that

was received at Bethesda, and is to all appearance much the same as when we last saw him, though his poor feet, the sisters told us, are in a terrible condition.

Poor little Christian looked very gloomy. The settled melancholy upon the countenances of many of the poor creatures was very noticeable and is one of the features of the disease. A short time ago Mrs. Weiss gave him a cutting from one of her rose-bushes, and one of the sisters heard him talking as he was planting it something like this: "Rose-tree, I am going to plant you, but I do not think I shall be here to see you when you are grown. I am going on a long journey soon, Mr. Weiss will be the chief helmsman, and next to him the apothecary, and after them the sailors will carry me. (This was in allusion to the way they are carried to their burial in their little cemetery, Mr. Weiss and the apothecary always walking first in the mournful little procession.) So, rose-tree, it may be I shall not be here to see you, but all the same I shall plant you and someone else will enjoy you when I am gone." Poor child! No happy boy life for him in this world!

"Little Louisa" is now no longer little, but has grown a tall girl. Her poor face (as is the case with most of them) is very unsightly with the terrible swelling and distortion caused by the disease. She has now four companions and these girls are learning to sew very nicely. Selina, the oldest of the women patients, looks wonderfully better and quite bright. She has undertaken the teaching of the younger ones. She showed us

some of their work, really beautifully done hemstitching and marking, besides plainer work.

One of the newer patients, an old Dutch soldier, spoke most gratefully of the place. He said, "It is good to be here both for soul and body."

More than ever did we feel how much the devoted workers need our untiring sympathy and prayers in their trying work. It is impossible to be constantly surrounded by such scenes of anguish and sorrow and to strive to comfort and sympathize with the sufferers, without getting worn themselves, and in the case of this disease there is the added trial of the frightful ghastliness and loathsomeness which even with all the care and cleanliness used is unavoidable in its later stages. Let us do all in our power to lighten their burden, by giving them all the *practical* help we can as well as our sympathy and our prayers. "Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfil the law of Christ."

Yours in behalf of the lepers of Bethesda,

BRITISH CONSULATE.

PARAMARIBO, May 10, 1904.

THE DEACONESS, PHILIPPINA, DRESSING THE WOUNDS OF ONE OF THE LEPERS

THE NEW BATHHOUSES AND DISPENSARY

Between the men's and the women's houses is the "Schwesternhaus" (the Sisters' House), a neat, pretty little rest-house approached by a green pathway, and appropriated to the use of the deaconesses who spend their lives among the poor sufferers, giving to the work the most loving and whole-hearted devotion.

Clad in large linen "overall" aprons at half-past five in the morning these faithful nurses set out for the houses of their patients, where they perform the duty of dressing the ulcerated wounds of those poor, helpless sick ones. One can read in the lines of their faces and their weary eyes, and painfully emaciated forms, how much they suffer every day.

Miss A. E. Scott,

Sec. and Treas. of B. H. S. of U. S. A.:

My dear Miss Scott—I send you by registered letter today, a five-dollar gold-piece given me on Christmas, some time ago, by my late sister. I have kept it all this time, not wanting to spend it, and wondering what I should do with it. When I chanced to read your Bethesda pamphlet, I decided at once that that was the very place I wanted my gold-piece to go. Will you please send it to them, with love, but mention no name?

A Friend.

It is needless to say that these sketches of the work are written in the earnest hope that the simple recital may move the hearts of people everywhere, and lead them to give to the support and expansion of this good and Christlike work.

What a blessing if some one who has much of "this world's goods" would give to Bethesda the money for a small hospital, where the very sick patients might be nursed, and yet not be with those less afflicted! Oh, pray give of your abundance to those who have so little in their lives to cheer!

The Dedication of the Chapel at Bethesda

It was a beautiful morning in May, when the President and members of the Board of Paramaribo sailed down the Suriname River, on the steam launch provided by the Colonial Government, to attend the dedication of the new Chapel of Bethesda. Flags were flying from every building, even from the house of the Director of the Government Asylum, and the inmates of Bethesda were grouped around a large Dutch flag, which they had hoisted at the landing. At last their wish was fulfilled, and the chapel which they had watched becoming more complete day by day was finished, and was to be dedicated this day. They would now have a place to worship and hold their meetings, near enough so those who are feeble can easily be taken to join those less afflicted, in their services. Near the chapel the American flag was raised, as a quiet salute to

those kind friends of the United States, whose hearts had been touched by the misery and suffering of the poor lepers, in this South American Colony.

Solemnly and lovingly our President, Bishop Stachelin, opened the door of the chapel in the name of the Lord. As we entered this beautiful little chapel, we felt the spirit of peacefulness which rested on the place. Attractively decorated, and simply furnished; the pictures and texts beautiful; the lamps bright and glittering; the chairs, simple, but comfortable; the curtains at the windows new and fresh—everything bought and made from gifts which the Sisters had received. We felt it—it was good to be here —here the poor souls, tired by their long afflictions and sufferings would find rest and consolation, for the Lord would be with them here in this house, dedicated to Him, and would give them peace.

Bishop Stachelin opened the meeting with a good, solemn talk, followed by the singing of familiar hymns. Rev. H. T. Weiss, director of Bethesda, then spoke most feelingly, congratulating his poor people upon the fulfilment of their wishes, and thanking heartily all those who had made this meeting possible. His poor leper audience listened most earnestly to every word he said, showing on their faces how fervently they thanked all who had helped them to the realization of their prayer—"a chapel of their very own."

The President of the Serving Committee then

congratulated Rev. and Mrs. Weiss, the ladies, and, lastly, the sick people, in the name of the Board. The Secretary and several Board members made short addresses.

After a heart-to-heart talk with the sick people, we left them to enjoy together their feast-day, and we returned to the house of Rev. Weiss, where we spent the remainder of a very memorable day. It was, indeed, an event for the inmates of Bethesda, and they still talk about it.

What an eloquent lesson those poor people teach us, who are well and strong!

DR. C. F. SCHOCH.

A meeting of the Bethesda Home Society of the United States of America was held at the residence of the President, Mrs. Francis U. Kahle, 309 Franklin street, Wednesday, November sixteenth, at 2 P. M. The following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That a vote of thanks be tendered the public for their most generous contributions to the Christmas boxes to be sent to the Rev. Henry T. Weiss to be distributed among the inhabitants of Bethesda, Suriname, Dutch Guiana, S. A.

Resolved, That the Treasurer be instructed to send $350.00 to Rev. Weiss to defray the expenses of the portable house, sent last summer. The Bethesda Home Society has largely increased its membership and has many plans for the future advancement of the cause. Two Auxiliaries of the National Home Society have lately been formed.

Contributions received by Rev. H. T. Weiss from Aug. 1, 1903, to April, 1904:

From the Christian Herald	$ 17 00	
" " "	57 60	
" " "	27 00	
" " "	11 50	
" " "	19 00	
		$132 10

By Rev. M. D. Stearns, Philadelphia—

From a deceased member of his Brooklyn Bible Class	$20.00	
From Mrs. A. H. Vreeland, Jersey City	25 00	
" Miss A. E. Richards	5 00	
" Mrs. Joseph Hunt, Allentown, Pa.	5 00	
" a Newark class member	1 00	
" an anonymous class member of New York	25 00	
		81 00

From Miss V. N., care Rev. Dippel, D.D., Philadelphia	10 00
" Mrs. J. G. Cleveland, Canada	10 00
" Mrs. A. L. Wolle, Lititz	2 50
" Mrs. Bachmann, N. K., Ohio	1 00
" Mr. J. A. Smith, Sunday School, Ephraim	10 00
" the Missionary Society of the Mor. Parochial School, in Bethlehem, Pa., Helen de Schweinitz	5 00
From Rev. Haehnle, Nazareth, Pa.—	
From Bessie and Sara Bunday	5 00
" Sturgeon Bay Sunday School, through Rev. Greenfelt	10 00
" Mrs. E. A. Smith	3 00
" Young Men's Missionary Society, Bethlehem, Pa.	25 00
Through Rev. Maguire, Cleveland	5 00
	$300 70

The undersigned acknowledges, with hearty thanks, the following contributions to the fund of Bethesda Home in Suriname, received in 1904 (since Oct. 29, 1903):

Jan. 18	—New Century Band, First Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, through Mr. Geo. Griffiths	$ 5 00
	—J. R. Wierdsma, New York	10 00
22	—Miss Lena Doepken, Circleville, O.	21 00
26	—Mrs. C. P. Keith, Germantown, Pa.	10 00
Feb. 4	—Y. P. Society, Sixth Reformed Church, Cleveland, O.	5 00
10	—Miss Ethel Clyde, New York	15 00
13	—Miss E. M. Brickenstein, New York	2 00
15	—Drexel Home:	
	Mrs. Doerfler	1 00
	N. N.	1 00

	18—Y. P. Society, Greene Avenue Baptist Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.	5 00
	—Grace Nettleton Home, Cumberland Gap, Tenn.	4 25
	20—Through Mr. Wolterbeck: Mrs. Truesdell, River Falls, Wis.	1 00
	26—Mrs. Ed. Maule, Philadelphia	5 00
	27—Anon., Philadelphia	1 00
Mar.	6—H. J. Thiede, Bridesburg, Phila., Pa.	2 00
	9—Sister Maria Bangerteo, Cincinnati	2 00
	10—Prof. H. M. Hall, Berkeley, Cal.	25 00
	23—Drexel Home: Margarethe Staeblein	6 00
	29—Mrs. S. P. Avery, New York	50 00
Apr.	7—Through Rev. J. M. E. Darms, Buffalo	5 00
	22—Miss. Soc., Madison Av. Cong'l S. S., Cleveland, O.	2 00
May	6—A small contribution (anon.)	1 00
	19—Drexel Home: Sisters Marg. and Mar.	2 00
	24—Drexel Home	11 00
June	2—Frauenverein, Emanuel Ref. Church (Rev. J. Forster), Bridesburg, Phila.	6 75
	16—Drexel Home: Sister L. K.	2 50
	—H. O. Kuck, New Knoxville, O.	5 00
	17—H. J. Thiede, Bridesburg, Philadelphia	3 00
	—Mrs. H. G. House, Treas., Cleveland	4 50
	18—Drexel Home: Sister N. W.	1 00
Aug.	6—A sympathizer (anon.), Philadelphia	1 00
	Total	$216 00
	Later receipts	22 56

REV. C. GOEDEL,

Recently resigned Treasurer of the U. S. Sub-Committee.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Mrs. John Gowans	$ 10 00
Mrs. George E. Matthews	10 00
Mr. Henry J. Pierce	25 00
Mrs. R. J. Sherman	5 00
Mrs. C. M. Underhill	5 00
Mr. L L. Lewis	10 00
Mr. J. P. Dudley	5 00
Mrs. John Lapey	10 00
Mr. Nussmann	3 25
Anonymous	1 00
Miss Kate Putnam	1 00
Mrs. Frank H. Coffran	1 00
Mrs. Sanborn	50
Anonymous	1 00
Mr. W. E. L. Betsch	10 00
Lafayette Ave. Church (women)	7 75
Lafayette Ave. Church (prayer meeting)	13 89
Mr. Sidney McDougall	25 00
Rev. C. F. Hubbard	5 00
Miss M. Oliver	5 00
Through Rev. H. P. Merle	14 50
Mrs. Wheeler	1 00
Miss F. Tench	5 00
A friend	1 00
A friend	5 00
Miss Chase	1 00
Junior Society Lafayette Ave. Church	3 00

PALMYRA, N. J.

Rev. Paul S. Manert	7 00

INDIANA MINERAL SPRINGS, IND.

Mrs. H. L. Kramer	10 00

NEW BRUNSWICK, NOVA SCOTIA.

Mrs. McNeil	2 00

PATERSON, N. J.

Mrs. H. B. Crosby 1 00

BOSTON, MASS.

Mr. Charles W. Gordon 5 00

ROME, N. Y.

Mr. Armstrong 1 00

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Through Rev. C. Goedel 115 00
From a friend 1 74

BETHESDA HOME SOCIETY OF THE U. S. A.

MEMBERS—

Mrs. Francis U. Kahle.
Miss Anna Elizabeth Scott.
Miss Margaret E. Chester.
Mrs. J. I. Prentiss.
Mrs. John F. Lewis.
Miss Harriet A. Edgerton.
Mrs. L. L. Lewis.
Mrs. A. H. Whitford.
Mrs. Henderson.
Mrs. W. Y. Chapman.
Miss Susan Chase.
Miss E. M. Sanders.
Mr. R. Dan. Wolterbeek.
Mrs. Geo. Hobbie.
Mrs. Albert Hobbie.
Mrs. H. A. Hayes.
Mrs. Frank M. Hayes.
Rev. J. W. Ross.
Mrs. S. F. Sage.

Mrs. F. S. Hall.
King's Daughters' Society.
Mrs. T. A. Kerr.
Miss Irene Fleming.
Mrs. James Scott.
Mrs. C. M. Walker.
Mrs. Farnham.
Mrs. Harry Cornell.
Mrs. Cornell.
Mr. J. Boardman Scovel.
Mrs. John Gowans.
Mrs. J. B. Mennig.
Mrs. J. M. Merritt.
Miss Belle V. Papworth.
Mrs. I. N. Stewart.
Mr. I. N. Stewart.
Miss Louise Menge.
Miss Isabelle Kahle.
Mrs. Charles A. Hausauer.
Rev. A. E. Hofer.
Mrs. A. E. Hofer.
Mrs. W. M. Edwards.
Mrs. Edwards.

LIFE MEMBERS—

Mrs. Truman G. Avery.
Mrs. Loran L. Lewis.
Mrs. Richard J. Sherman.
Mr. Henry J. Pierce.

All contributions and communications should be addressed to MISS A. E. SCOTT, Sec'y and Treas. of the Bethesda Home Society of the United States of America, 357 Pennsylvania Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Peter Paul & Son
Engravers, Stationers, Printers
136 N. Pearl St.
Buffalo